THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Compyled into meetter,
By Captaine *Alexander Montgomery.*

London Printed for I. D.
1646.

A sweete Sonnet to the blessed TRINITIE.

By C. A. M.

SVpreme Essence, beginner unbegunt
Ay Trinall one, and undivided three
Eternall word, that victorie hath won
Ov'r death, ov'r Hel, triũphing on the tree
Fore-knowledge, Wisedom, & all seeing eye
IEHOVA, Alpha, and Omega all,
Like unto none, and none like unto thee,
Vnmovd, moving the Rounds aqout the Al
Conteiner, uncontein'd, is, was, and shall
Be sempiternall, mercifull and just:
Creator, uncreated, now I call,
Teach me thy Truth, sith unto thee I trust,
Increase, confirme, and kindle from abowe
My faith, mine hope, but by the lave my
love.

WORCESTER COLLEGE OXFORD

THE CHERRIE, AND THE SLAE.

ABout a Bank with balmie bewes,
Where nightingels their nots renewes
With gallant Gold-spinks gay:
The Mavise, Mirle, and *Progne* proud
The Lintwhite, Larke, and Laverock loud,
Saluted mirthfull *May*.
When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,
To *Progne* she deplored:
How *Tereus* cut out her tongue,
And falsely her deflored.
Which storie, so sorie,
To shew, ashamde she seemde,
To heare her, so neare her,
I doubted if I dreamde.

The Cushat crouds, the Corbie cryes,
The Cuckow coukes, the prattling Pyes,
To geck her they beginne,
The Largoun, or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Crawes, the keckling Kayes,

They deavde me with their dinne.
The Painted Pawne, with *Argoes* eyes,
Can on his Mayok call,
The Turtle wailes on withered trees
And Echo anſwered all:
Repieting, with grieting,
How faire *Narciſſus* fell:
By lying, and ſpying,
His ſhaddow in the Well.

3

I ſaw the Hurcheon and the Hare,
In hidlings hirpling here and there,
To make their morning mange,
The Con, the Cunnie, and the Cat,
Whoſe daintie dounes, with dew were wat,
With ſtiffe muſtaches ſtrang.
The Hart, the Hynde, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart, and falſe Foxe,
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae,
With birſie Baires and Brockes:
Some feeding, ſome dreading,
The Hunters ſubtill ſnares:
With skipping, and tripping,
They plaid them all in paires.

4

The aire was ſober, ſoft and ſweet,
But miſtie vapours, winde and weete,
But quyet, calme and cleare,
To foſter *Floras* fragrant flowers,
Whereon *Apollos* paramours,
Had triphled many a reare:

The which like ſilver ſhakers ſhynde,
Imbrodering beauties bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declynd,
In *Mayes* colours clad.
Some knopping, ſome droping,
Of balmie liquor ſweete,
Excelling, in ſmelling,
Through Phœbus wholſome heate.

5

Me thought an heavenly heartſome thing,
Where dew like Diamonds did hing,
Ov'r-twinkling all the trees,
To ſtudie on the flouriſhde twiſts;
Admiring Natures Alcumiſts,
Laborious buſie Bees:
Whereof ſome ſweeteſt honie ſought,
To ſtay their lives to ſterve,
And ſome the waxie veſſels wrought,
Their purchaſe to preſerve.
So heaping, for keeping,
In it their hyves they hyde,
Preciſely, and wiſely,
For winter they provide.

6

To pen the pleaſures of that Parke,
How every bloſſome, branch, or barke,
Againſt the Sunne did ſhine:
I paſſe to Poets to compile,
In high heroick ſtately ſtile,
Whoſe Muſe ſurmatches mine:
But as I looked mine alone,

I ſaw a river rinne,
Out ov'r a ſteepie rocke of ſtone,
Syne lighted in a linne;
With tumbling, and rumbling,
Amongſt the Roches round:
Devalling, and falling,
Into a pit profound.

7

Through routing of the river rang,
The Roches ſounding like a ſang,
Where Deſcant did abound.
With Treble, Tenor, Counter, Meene,
An Echo blew a Baſſe betwen,
In Diapaſon ſound:
Set with the C ſol-fa-uth Cleiſe
With long and large at liſt,
With Quaver, Crotcher, Semibriefe,
And not a Minim miſt;
Compleetly, more ſweetly,
Shee firddound flat and ſharpe,
Than Muſes, which uſes,
To pin *Apollos* harpe.

8

Who would have tyr'd to heare that tone,
Which birds corroborate av abone,
With layes of love-lome Larkes:
Which climbe ſo high in Criſtall skyes,
While *Cupid* wakened with the cryes,
Of natures chappell Clarkes:
Who leaving all the heavens above,
Alighted on the eard:

Loe how that little Lord of love,
Before me there appearde,
So mild-like, and childe-like,
With bow three quarters skant,
Syne moylie, and coylie,
He looked like a Saint.

9

A cleanly Crispe hang over his eyes,
His Quaver by his naked thyes,
Hang in a silver lace:
Of Gold between his shoulders grew,
Two prettie wings wherewith he flew,
On his lett arme a brace:
This god soon off his geare he shooke,
Upon the grassie ground
I ranne as lightly for to looke,
Where ferlies might be found,
Amazed, I gazed,
To see his geare so gay,
Perceiving, mine having,
He counted me his pray.

10

His youth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,
But bourded with my Boy,
Quoth I, how call they thee my childe,
Cupido Sir (quoth he) and smilde.
Please you me to imploy,
For I can serve you in your sute,
If you please to impyre,
With wirgs to flee, and shafts to shoote,

Or

Or flames to ſet on fire,
Make choſe then, of thoſe then,
Or of a thouſand things:
But crave them, and have them,
With that I woo'd his wings.

11

What would you give my heart (quoth he)
To haue theſe wanton wings to flee,
To ſport thy ſprit a while?
Or what if loue ſhould lend thee heere,
Bow, Quaver, ſhaftes, and ſhooting geare,
Some body to beguile?
This geare (quoth I) cannot be bought
Yet I would haue it faine,
What if (quoth he) it coſt the nought,
But rendring all againe:
His wings then, he brings then,
And band them on my back:
Goe flee now (quoth he) now,
And ſo my leaue I take.

12

I ſprang up with *Cupidos* wings,
Whoſe ſhotes, and ſhooting geare reſignes,
To lend me for a day;
As *Icarus* with borrowed flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
Ov'r perilous a play.
Firſt forth I drew the double dart,
Which ſometimes ſhote his mother:
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another.
It hurt me or burnt me, While

While either end I handle;
Come see now, in me now.
The Butterflie and Candle.

13

As she delites into the low,
So was I browder of my bow.
As ignorant as shee,
And as she flees while she is fir'de,
So with the dart that I desirde,
Mine hands hath hurt me to:
As foolish *Phaeton* by sute,
His fathers chaire obtainde,
I longed in loves bow to shoote,
Not marking what it meande.
More wilfull, than skilfull,
To flee I was so fond:
Desiring, impyring,
And so was seene upond.

14

Too late I knew who hewes too hie
The spaile shall fall into his eye:
Too late I went to schooles:
To late I heard the swallow preach
Too late *Experience* doth teach,
The Schoole-master of fooles:
Too late I finde the nest I seeke
When all the birds are flowne:
Too late the stable door I steeke
When as the steede is stowne;
Too late ay, their state ay,
As foolish folke espy

Behind ſo, they finde ſo,
Remead, and ſo do I.

15

If I had riply been adviſde,
I had not raſhly enterpriſde,
To ſoare with borrowed pens:
Nor yet had ſayde the Archer-craft,
To ſhoote my ſelfe with ſuch a ſhaft,
As *Reaſon* quyte miskens:
Fra *Wilfulneſſe* gave me my wound,
I had no force to flee:
Then came I groaning to the ground,
Friend welcome home (quod hee)
Where flew ye, whom ſlew yee?
Or who brings home the booting?
I ſee now (quoth he) now,
Ye have been at the ſhooting.

16

As ſcorne comes commonly with skaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith,
So ſtaggring was my ſtate.
That under cure I got ſuch check,
Which I might not remove nor neck
But either ſtaile or mair:
Mine agonie was ſo extreame,
I ſwelt and ſound for feare,
But ere I wakened off my dreame,
He ſpoilde me of my geare:
With ſlight then, on hight then,
Sprang *Cupid* in the skyes,
Forgetting, and ſetting

At nought my carefull eryes.

17.

So long with ſight I followed him,
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,
Through ſtaring of the ſtarnes:
Which flew ſo thicke before mine eyne,
Some red, ſome yellow, blew and greene,
Which troubled all mine harnes;
that everie thing appeared two,
To my barbuylied braine:
But long might I lye looking ſo,
Ere *Cupid* came againe:
Whoſe thundring, with wondering,
I heard up through the Aire:
Through clouds ſo, he thuds ſo,
And flew, I wiſt not where.

18

Then when I ſaw that god was gone,
And I in langour left alone,
And ſore tormented too;
Sometime I ſighed while I was ſad,
Sometime I muſde, and moſt gone mad
I doubted what to doe:
Sometime I rav'd halfe in a rage,
As one into deſpaire:
To be oppreſt with ſuch a Page,
Lord if my heart was ſaire
Like *Dido*, *Cupid*,
I widdle and I wearie:
Who reft me, and left me,
In ſuch a feirie farie.

Then

19

Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*,
Inflame mine heart with uncouth fire,
To me before unknowne,
But then no blood in me remaines,
Unburnt or boylde within my vaines,
By loves bellowes blowne.
To drowne it ere I was devour'd,
With sighs I went about:
But ay the more I shope to smoored,
The bolder it brake out:
Ay preasing, but ceasing,
While it might breake the bonds,
Mine hew so forth shew so,
The dollour of my wounds.

20

With deadly visage, pale and wan,
More like Anathomie than man,
I withered cleane away;
As wax before the fire I felt,
Mine heart within my bosome melt,
And piece and piece decay:
My veines by brangling like to break,
My punses lap with pith:
So fervencie did me infect,
That I was vext therewith:
Mine heart ay, it start ay,
The fierie flames to flee:
Ay howping, through lowping,
To leape at libertie.

21

But (O alas) it was abusde, My

My carefull corps kept it incluſde,
In priſon of my breaſt,
With ſighs ſo ſopped and ov'rſet,
Like to a fiſh faſt in a net,
In dead-thraw undeceaſt,
Which though in vain it ſtrives by ſtrength
For to pull out her head:
Which profites nothing at the length,
But haſtning to her dead,
With thriſting, and wriſting,
The faſter ſtill is ſho,
There I ſo, did ly ſo,
My death advancing to.

22

The more I wreſtled with the winde,
The faſter ſtill my ſelfe I finde,
No mirth my minde could meaſe,
More noy then I had never none,
I was ſo alterde and overgone,
Through drouth of my diſeaſe,
Yet weakly as I might I raiſe:
My ſight grew dimme and darke,
I ſtaggred at the windling ſtrayes,
No token I was ſtarke.
Both ſightleſſe, and mightleſſe,
I grew almoſt at once:
In anguiſh, I languiſh,
With many grievous groanes.

23

With ſober peace yet I approach,
Hard to the River and the Roch,

Whereof

Whereof I ſpake before,
The River ſuch a murmure made,
As to the ſea it ſoftly ſlade,
The Craige was ſtay and ſhore,
Then *Pleaſure* did me ſo provoke,
There partly to repaire:
Betwixt the River and the Rocke,
Where *Hope* grew with *Deſpaire*.
A tree then I ſee then,
Of Cherries on the Braes,
Below too, I ſaw too,
A buſh of bitter Slaes.

24

The Cherries hang about mine head
Like trickling Rubies round and red,
So high up in the Heugh:
Whoſe ſhadowes in the Rivers ſhew,
As graithly as they grew,
On trembling twiſts and teugh,
Whiles bowd through burden of their birth
Declining downe their toppes,
Reflexe of *Phœbus* off the firth,
Now coloured all their knoppes,
With dancing, and glancing,
In trile as Dornick champs,
Which ſtreamed, and leamed,
Through lightneſſe of that lampe.

25

With earneſt eye while I eſpy,
That fruit betwixt me and the skie,
Halfe gate almoſt to heaven:

The Craige so cumbersome to climb,
The tree so tale of growth and trim,
As any arrow even:
I calde to minde how *Daphne* did,
Within the Lawrell shrinke,
When from *Apollo* she her hid,
A thousand times I thinke,
That tree there, to me here,
As he his Lawrell thought:
Aspyring, but tyring,
To get that fruit I sought.

29

To climbe that Craige it was no buite,
Let be to preasse to pull the fruite,
In toppe of all the tree,
I know no way whereby to cume,
By any craft to get it clum,
Appearandly to mee:
The Craig was ugly, stay and driegh,
The tree long sound and small;
I was affraide to climbe so high,
For feare to fetch a fall.
Affraied, I stayed,
And looked up a loft,
Whiles minting, whiles stinting.
My purpose changed oft.

37

Then *Dread* with *Danger* and *Despaire*,
Forbade me minting any mare,
To rax, above my reach:
What (touch quoth *Courage*) man goe to,

He is but dafe that hath to do,
And ſpares for every ſpeach,
For I have oft heard ſooth men ſay,
And we may ſeet our ſelles.
That fortune helpes the hardie aye,
And pultrons ay repelles:
Then feare not, and feare not,
Dread, Danger, nor *Deſpare*:
To fazards, hard hazards,
Is death, or they come there.

28

Who ſpeedes, but ſuch as high aſpires,
Who triumphes not, but ſuch as tyres,
To winne a noble name?
Of ſhrinking what but ſhame ſucceeds;
Then do as thou would have thy deeds,
In regiſter of Fame,
I put the caſe thou not prevailde,
So thou with honour die,
Thy life but not thy courage failde
Shall Poets pen of thee:
Thy name then, from Fame then,
Can never be cut aff:
Thy grave ay, ſhall have ay,
That honeſt Epitaffe.

29

What canſt thou loſſe when honour lives,
Renowne, thy vertue aye revives,
If valiantly thou end.
(Quoth *Danger*) huly, friend take heede,
Untimous ſpurring ſpilles the ſteede,

Take

Take tent what ye pretend
Though *Courage* counsel thee to climb
Beware thou kep no skaith,
Have thou non help but *Hope* and him,
They may beguyle thee baith,
Thy sell now, can tell now,
The counsell of these Clarkes:
Wherethrow yee, I trow yee,
Thy breast doth beare the markes.

30

Burnt bairne with fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy bosome bleedes,
Since last that fire thou felt:
Besides that sindrie times thou sees,
That ever *Courage* keepes the keyes,
Of knowledge at his belt.
Though he bid forward with the Gunnes,
Small powder he provides.
Be not a Novice of that Nunnes,
Who saw not both the tides:
Fooles haste ay, almaist ay,
Ov'rsyles the light of some,
Who luikes not, who luikes not
What afterward may come.

31

Yet *Wisdome* willeth thee to wey,
This figure in Philosophy,
A lesson worth to leare,
Which is in time for to take tent,
And not when time is past repent,
And buy Repentance deare,

Is there no honour after life,
Except thou slay thy sell,
Wherefore hath *Atropus* that knife,
I trow thou canst not tell,
Who but it, would cut it,
Which *Clotho* scarce hath spunne,
Destroying, the joying
Before it be begunne.

31

All ov'rs are repute to be vice:
Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nice,
Ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold.
Thou seemes unconstant by thy signes,
Thy thought is one a thousand things.
Thou wets not what thou would.
Let *Fame* her pitie on thee powre,
When all thy bones are broken,
Yon Slae suppose thou think it sowre,
Would satisfie to sloken.
Thy drouth now, of youth now,
Which dries thee with desire,
Asswage then, thy rage then,
Foule water quencheth fire.

32

What foole art thou to die a thirst,
And now may quench it if thou list,
So easily but paine:
More honour is to vanquish ane,
Than fight with tensome, and be tane,
And either hurt or slay,
The practick is to bring to passe,

And not to enterprise.
And as good drinking out of glasse
As gold in any wise,
I lever, have ever,
A fowle in hand or tway,
Than seeing, ten flying,
About me all the day.

33

Look where thou light before thou loupe
And slip no certainety for hope,
Who guides thee but begesie,
(Quoth *Courage*) cowards take no cure,
To sit with shame, so they be sure,
I like them all the lesse',
What pleasure purchast is but paine,
Or honour wonne with ease,
He will not lye where he is slaine,
Who doubts before he dies,
For feare then, I heare then,
But only on remead;
Which lattis, and that is;
For to cut off the head.

34

What is the way to heale thine hurt?
What way is there to stay thy sturt?
What meanes to make the mirrie?
What is the comfort that thou craves?
Suppose these Sophists thee deceaves,
Thou knowes it is the Cherrie,
Since for it onely thou but thirsts,
The Slae can be no buire:

In it alſo thine health conſiſts,
And in none other fruite
Why quakes thou, and ſhakes thou,
Or ſtudies at our ſtrife?
Adviſe thee, it lyes thee
On no leſſe than thy life.

36

If any patient would be paſſde,
Why ſhould he loupe when he is lanſde?
Or ſhrinke when he is ſhorne?
For I have heard Chirurgions ſay,
Oft-times deferring off a day,
Might not be mend the morne,
Take time in time ere time be tint,
For time will not remaine,
What forceth fire out of the flint,
But as hard match againe.
Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou ſhall ſee it ſa:
Such gets ay, as ſets ay
Stout ſtomackes to the brae.

37

Though all beginning be moſt hard,
The end is pleaſant afterward,
Then ſhrinke not for no ſhowre;
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy paine and travell is forget,
The ſweet exceeds the ſowre,
Goe to then quickly, feare no thit,
For *Hope* good hap hath height,
(Quoth *Danger*) be not ſudden Sir,

The matter is of weight,
Firſt ſpy both, then try both,
Adviſement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I ſay then,
Be wilfull when thou will.

38

But yet to minde the proverbe call,
Who uſes perills, periſh ſhall:
Short while their life them laſts:
And I have heard (quoth *Hope*) that he,
Should never ſhape to ſaile the ſea,
That for all perils caſts.
How many through *Deſpare* are dead,
That never perils priev'd,
How many alſo if thou read,
Of lives have we reliev'd:
Who being, even dying,
But *Danger* but deſparde:
A hunder, I wonder,
But thou haſt heard declarde.

39

If we two hold not up thine heart,
Which is the chiefe and nobleſt part,
Thy workes would not goe well,
Conſider the companions can
Diſſwade a ſilly ſimple man,
To hazard for his heale,
Suppoſe they have deceived ſome,
Ere we and they might meete:
They got not credance where we came,
In any man of ſprite.

By reaſon, their treaſon,
By us is plainly ſpyde:
Revealing, their dealing,
Which dow not be denyde.

40

With ſleekie Sophiſmes ſeeming ſweete,
As all their doing were diſcreete,
They wiſh thee to be wiſe,
Poſtponing time from houre to houre,
But faith is underneath the flowre,
The lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeeſt her not a ſtime,
While that ſhe ſting thy foote,
Perceives thou not what precious time,
Thy ſleuth doth overſhoote;
Alas man, thy caſe man,
In lingring I lament:
Goe to now, and doe now,
That courage be content.

41

What if Melancholy come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin?
Then is thy labour loſt,
For he will hold thee hard and faſt,
Till time and place, and fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the ghoſt.
Then ſhall be graven upon that place,
Which on thy tombe is laide
Some-time there liv'd ſuch one, alas,
But how ſhall it be ſaid,
Heere lyes now, but priſe now,

Into dishonours bed,
A cowart, as thou art,
Who from his fortune fled.

42

Imaging man if thou were laid
Ingrave, and syne might heare this said;
Would thou not sweare for shame,
Yes faith, I doubt not but thou would;
Therefore if thou have eyes behold,
How they would smore thy fame:
Goe to, and make no more excuse;
Ere life and honour losse,
And either them or us refuse,
There is no other choise:
Consider, togidder,
That we do never dwell:
At length ay, but strength ay,
The pultrons we expell.

43

(Quoth *Danger*) since I understand,
That counsell can be no command,
I have no more to say.
Except if that thou think it good,
Take counsell yet ere ye conclude
Of wiser men than they.
They are but rackleſſe young and rash
Suppose they think as fleit;
If of our fellowship ye fash,
Goe with them, hardly beit,
God speede you, they lead you,
Who have not meckle wit,

Expell us, yeell tell us,
Hereafter comes not yet:

45

While *Danger* and *Despaire* retir'de,
Experience came in, and spear'de:
What all the matter meande.
With him came *Reason*, *wit*, and *Skill*;
Then they began to aske at *Will*,
Where make you to my friend,
To plucke yon lustie Cherrie, loe,
(Quoth he) and quyte the Slae,
(Quoth they) is there no more adoe:
Ere ye win up the brae.
But do it, and doe it,
Perforce your fruite to plucke,
Well brother, somother,
Were better to conduct.

46

We grant ye may be good enough,
But yet the hazard of yon hevgh,
Requyres a graver guyde.
As wise as ye are, may goe wrang,
Therefore take counsell ere ye gang,
Of some that stands beside,
But who were yon three yee forbade,
Your company right now?
(Quoth *Will*) three preachers to perswade
The poysonde Slae to pow.
They tratled, and pratled,
A long halfe houre and mare:
Full fall them, they call them,

46

They are more faſhious than of feck,
Yon fazards durſt not for their neck,
Climbe up the Craige with us:
Fra we determined to die,
Or then to climbe the Cherrie tree,
They bode about the buſh.
They are conditionde like the Cat,
They would not weet their feete,
But yet if any fiſh we gate,
They would be apt to eat,
Though they now, I ſay now,
To hazard have none heart,
Yet lucke we, or plucke we
The fruite they would not part.

47

But when we get our voyage wun,
They ſhall not then a Cherrie cun,
Who would not enterpriſe.
Well (quoth *Experience*) ye boaſt
But he that reckon'd but his hoaſt,
Oft-times he counteth twiſe,
Ye ſell the Bairs skinne on his back,
But bide while ye it get:
When ye have done it's time to cracke,
Ye fiſh before the net,
What haſte ſir, ye taſte ſir.
The Cherrie ere ye pow it;
Beware ſir, ye are ſir,
More talkative nor trow it.

48

Call *Danger* backe againe (quoth *Skill*)
To ſee what we can lay to *Will*,
We ſee him ſhoad ſo ſtraite,
We may not trow what each one tels,
(Quoth *Courage*) we concluded els,
He ſerves not for our mate,
For I can tell you all perquiere,
His counſell ere he come,
(Quoth *Hope*) whereto ſhould he come here
He cannot hold him dumb:
Hee ſpeakes ay, and ſeekes ay,
Delayes oft-times and drifts;
To grieve us and dieve us,
With Sophiſtrie and ſhifts.

49

(Quoth *Reaſon*) why was he debarde,
The tale is ill cannot be heard,
Yet let us heare him anes,
Then *Danger* to declare began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the man,
To leade them all their lanes:
How they would have him up the hill,
But either *Hope* or *Ray*,
And who was welcomer than *Will*
He would be formeſt ay:
He could doe, and ſhould doe,
Who ever would or nought:
Such ſpeeding, proceeding,
Unlikely was I thought.

50

Therefore I wiſht him to beware, And

And rashly not to runne ov'r farre,
Without such guides as ye,
(Quoth *Courage*) friend I heare you faile,
Take better tent unto your tale,
Ye said it could not be.
Besides that, he would not consent,
That ever we should clim,
(Quoth *Will*) for my part I repent,
We saw them more than him:
For they are, the stayare,
Of us as well as he:
I thinke now, they shrinke now,
Goe forward let them be.

51

Goe, goe, we do nothing but guckes,
They say the voyage never luckes,
Where each one hath a vote.
(Quoth *Wisedome*) gravely Sir I grant,
We were no worse your vote to want,
Some sentence now I note,
Suppose you speak it but begesse
Some fruit therein I finde,
Ye would be formest I confesse,
But comes oft times behinde,
It may be, that they be,
Deceiv'd that never doubted,
Indeed sir, that head sir,
Hath meekle wit about it.

52

Then wilfull *Will* began to rage,
And swore he saw nothing in age,

But anger, yre, and grudge,
And for my ſelfe (quoth he) I ſweare,
To quyte all my companions heere,
If they admit you iudge,
Experien e is growne ſo olde,
That he begins to rave:
The reſt but *Courage* are ſo colde,
No hazarding they have.
For *Danger*, farre ſtranger,
Hath made them than they were,
Goe fra them, we pray them,
Who neither dow nor dare.

53

Why may not wee three leade this one?
I lead an hundreth mine alone,
But counſell of them all.
I grant (quoth *Wiſedome*) ye have led,
But I would ſpeere how many ſped,
Or furthered but a fall,
But either few, or none I trow,
Experience can tell:
He ſayes, that man may wite but you,
The firſt time that he fell:
He kens then, whoſe pens then,
Thou borrowed him to flee:
His wounds yet, which ſtounds yet,
He got them then through thee.

54

That (quoth *Experne*) is true,
Will flattered him when firſt he flew,
Will ſet him in a low,

Will

Will was his counsell and convoy:
Will borrowed from the blinded Boy,
Both Quaver, Wings, and Bow,
Wherewith before he fayde to shoote,
He neither yeeld to youth,
Nor yet had need of any fruite,
To quench his deadly drouth;
Which pines him, and dwines him,
To death I wot not how:
If *Will* then, did ill then,
Himselfe remembers now.

55

For I *Experience* was there,
Like as I use to be all where,
What time he wited *Will*,
To be the ground of all his griefe,
As I my selfe can be a priefe,
And witnesse thereunteill,
There are no bounds but I have been,
Nor hidlings from me hid,
Nor secret things but I have seen,
That he or any did.
Therefore now, no more now,
Let him think to concealde:
For why now, even I now,
Am debtbound to revealde.

56

My custome is for to declare
The trueth, and neither eke nor paire,
For any man a jote:
If wilfull *Will* delites in dyes,

Example in thy ſelfe thou ſees,
How he can tourne his coate,
And with his language would allure
Thee yet to breake thy bones:
Thou knowes thy ſelfe if he be ſure,
Thou uſde his counſell ones.
Who would yet, behold yet,
To wreake thee were not we,
Thinke on yon, on yon now,
(Quoth *Wiſedome*) then to me.

57

Well (quoth *Experience*) if he,
Submits himſelfe to you and me,
I wote what I ſhould ſay,
Our good adviſe he ſhall not want,
Providing alwayes that he grant,
To put yon *Will* away,
And baniſh both him and *Deſpare*,
That all good purpoſe ſpils:
So he will mell with them no mare,
Let them two flyte their fils,
Such coſling, but loſling,
All honeſt men may uſe:
That change now, were ſtrange now,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) to refuſe.

58

(Quoth *Will*) fy on him when he flew,
That powde not Cherries then a new,
For to have ſtayde his hurt,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) though he beare the blame
He never ſaw nor needed them;

While he himselfe had burt.
First when he mistred not, he might,
He needs, and may not now:
Thy follie when he had his flight,
Empashed him to pow.
Both he now, and we now,
Perceives thy purpose plaine
To turne him, and burn him,
And blow on him agine.

59

(Quoth *Skill*) what would we longer strive
Far better late than never thrive,
Come let us help him yet,
Tint time we may not get again,
We waste but present time in vaine,
Beware with that (quoth *Wit*)
Speake on *Experience*, let see
We think you hold you dum:
Of by-gones I have heard (quoth he)
I know not things to come:
(Quoth *Reason*) the season,
With slouthing slydes away:
First take him, and make him,
A man if that you may.

60

Quoth *Will*) if he be not a man,
I pray you sirs what is he than,
He lookes like on at least.
(Quoth *Reason*) if he follow thee,
And minde not to remaine with me:
Nought but a bruitall beast.

A man in ſhape doth nought conſiſt,
For all your tanting tales,
Therefore, ſir, *Will*, I would ye wiſt,
Your Metaphyſick failes :
Goe leare yet, a yeare yet,
Your Logick at the ſchooles :
Some day then, ye may then,
Paſſe Maſter with the Mules.

61

(Quoth *Will*) I marvell what you meane,
Should I not trow mine owne two eene,
For all you Logick ſchooles.
If I did not, I were not wiſe,
(Qoth *Reaſon*) I have told you thriſe,
None ferlies more then fooles :
There be more ſenſes than the ſight,
Which ye ov'rhaile for haſte :
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smell, hearing, touch, and taſte.
All quicke things, have ſuch things, I
I meane both man and beaſt :
By kinde ay, we finde ay,
Few lackes them at the leaſt.

62

So by that conſequence of thine,
Or Syllogiſme ſaid like a ſwine,
A Kow may learne the laire :
Thou uſes onely but the eyes
Shee touches, taſtes, ſmelles, heares and ſees ;
Which matches thee and maire.
But ſince to triumph ye intend,

As presantly appears,
Sir, for your Clergie to be kend,
Take ye two Asses eares.
No Miter, pertyket,
Got *Midas* for his meede:
That hood sir, is good sir,
To hap your braine sicke head.

63

Ye have no feele for to defyne,
Though ye have cunning to declyne,
A man to be a Moole,
With little worke yet ye may vow de,
To grow a gallant horle and good,
To ride thereon at Yoole:
But to our ground where we began
For all your gustlesse jestes.
I must be master of the man,
But thou to brutall beasts.
So we two, must be two,
To cause both kinds be knowne,
Keepe mine then, from thine then,
And each one use their owne.

64

Then *Will* as angrie as an Ape,
Ran ramping, swearing rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift,
He would not want an inch his will,
Even whether't did him good or ill,
For thirtie of his thrift.
He would be formost in the field,
And master it he might,

Yea, he should rather die than yeeld,
Though *Reason* had the right.
Shall he now, make me now,
His subject or his slave?
No rather, my father,
Shall quicke goe to his grave.

I height him while mine heart is heale,
To perish first ere he prevaile:
Come after what so may.
(Quoth *Reason*) doube you not indeed,
Yee hit the maile upon the head,
It shall be as ye say.
Suppose ye spurre for to aspire,
Your bridle wants a bit:
That marke may leave you in the myre,
As sicker as ye sit.
Your sentence, repentance,
Shall leave you I believe,
And anger, you langer
When ye that practick prieve.

As ye have dyted your decreet,
Your prophecie to be compleet,
Perhaps and to your paines:
It hath been said, and may be so,
A wilfull man wants never woe,
Though he get little gaines?
But since ye think't an easie thing
To mount about the Moone,
Of your own fiddle take a spring.

And

And dance when ye have done,
If than sir, the man sir,
Like of your mirth he may,
And speare first, and beare first,
What he himselfe will say.

67

Then altogether they began,
And said, Come on thou martyr'de man,
What is thy will? advise.
Abasde a bony while I bade,
And musde ere I mine answere made,
I turnd me once or twise,
Beholding everie one about,
Whose motions mov'd me maist,
Some seem'd assured, some dread for doubt
Will ran red-wood for haist:
With wringing, and flinging,
For madnesse like to mange,
Despare too, for care too,
Would needes himselfe go hang.

68

Which when *Exderienoe* perceiv'de,
(Quoth he) remember if I tavde,
As *Will* alledg'de of late.
When as he swore nothing he saw
In age, but anger, slacke, and slaw,
And cankred in conceite.
Ye could not lucke, as he alledg'd,
Who all opinions spearde:
He was so fracke and fierie edg'd,
He thought us foure but fearde,

Who panses, what chanses,
(Quoth he) no worship wins,
To some best, shall come best,
Who hap well, rack well rins.

69

Yet (quoth *Experience*) behold,
For all the tales that ye have told,
How he himselfe behaves:
Because *Despare* could come no speed,
Loe, here he hings all but the head:
And in a widdie waves:
If you be sure, once thou may see,
To men that with them mels:
If they had hurt or helped thee,
Consider by themsels.
Then chuse thee, to vse thee,
By us or such as you,
Syne soone now, have done now,
Make either off or on.

70

Perceiv'st thou not wherefra proceeds,
The franticke fantasie that feeds,
Thy furious flaming fire:
Which doth thy bailfull brest combure,
That non indeed (quoth they) can cure,
Nor help thine hearts desire:
The piercing passions of the spirit
Which wastes thy vitall breath,
Doth hold thine heavie heart with heate,
Desire drawes on thy death,
Thy punces, pronounces,

All kinde of quyet left,
That fever, hath ever
Thy person so oppreſt,

Couldſt thou come once acquaint with Skill
He knowes what humours doth thee ill,
And how thy cares contracts;
He knowes the ground of all thy griefe,
And recipies of thy reliefe,
All medicines he makes,
(Quoth Skill) come on content am I,
To put mine helping hand,
Providing alwayes he apply,
To counſell and command.
While we then (quoth he) then,
Are minded to remaine;
Give place now, incale now,
Thou get us not againe.

Aſſure thy ſelfe if that we fled,
Thou ſhalt not get thy purpoſe ſped;
Take heede we have thee told;
Have done and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may,
He ſhall not when he would.
What wilt thou do? I would we wilt,
Accept, or give us ov'r,
(Quoth I) I think me more than bleſt,
To finde ſuch famous foure,
Beſide me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do.

Considering, what swiddering,
Ye found me first into.

73

When *Courage* crav'd a stomacke stout,
And *Danger* drave me into doubt,
With his companion *Dread*,
Whiles *Will* would up above the aire,
Whiles I am drownde in deep *Despare*,
Whiles *Hope* held up mine head,
Such pithie reasons and replyes,
On every side they shew,
That I who was not verie wise,
Though all their tales were true,
So mony, and bony,
Old problemes they proponit:
But quickly, and likely,
I marvell meikle on it.

74

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the field,
Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yeeld
But fled to finde refuge:
Yet when ye foure came, they were faine,
Because ye gart us come againe,
They griende to get you judge,
Where they were fugitive before
Ye made them frank and free,
To speak and stand in aw no more,
(Quoth *Reason*) so should bee,
Oft-times now, but crymes now,
But even perforce it fals:
The strong ay, with wrong ay,

Puts weaker to the wals.

75

Which is a fault ye muſt confeſſe,
Strength was not ordained for to oppreſſe,
With rigor by the right.
But by the contrare to ſuſtaine,
The loaden which ov'r burthened beene,
As meikle as they might.
So *Hope* and *Courage* did (quoth I)
Experimented like.
Show skilde and pithy reaſons why,
That *Danger* lap the dyke,
(Quoth *Danger*) ſir, take heed ſir,
Long ſpoken part muſt ſpill,
Inſiſt not, we wiſt not,
We went againſt our will.

76

With *Courage* ye were ſo content,
Ye never ſought our ſmall conſent,
Of us ye ſtood not aw;
Then Logick leſſons ye allowit,
And was determined to trow it,
Alleageance paſt for Law,
For all the proverbs we peruſde,
Ye thought them skantly skild;
Our reaſons had been as well ruſde,
Had ye been as well willde,
To our ſide, as your ſide,
So truely I may tearm't;
I ſee now, in thee now,
Affection doth affirm't.

77

Experience then ſmirking ſmylde,
We are no barnes to be beguilde,
(Quoth he) and ſhooke his head,
For Authors who alledges us,
They ſtill would win about the bus,
To foſter deadly feede:
For we are equall for you all,
No perſons we reſpect:
We have been ſo, are yet, and ſhall,
Be found ſo in effect:
If we were, as ye were,
We had comde unrequirde:
But we now, ye ſee now,
Do nothing undeſirde.

78

There is a ſentence ſaid by ſome,
Let none unealde to counſell come,
That welcome weines to be:
Yea, I have heard another yet
Who came unealde, unſerv'd ſhould ſit,
Perhaps ſir ſo may ye.
Good-man, grande mercie for youſt gecke,
(Quoth *Hope*) and lowely louts:
If ye were ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the doctors doubts,
Your years now, appeates now,
With wiſedome to be vext,
Rejoycing, in gloyting,
Till you have tint your text.

79

Where ye were ſent for, let us ſee, Who

Who would be welcomer than we,
Prove that, and we are payde,
Well (quoth *Experience*) beware
You know not in what case you are,
Your tongue hath you betrayde,
The man may able tine a stot,
Who cannot count his kinch:
In your owne bow you are ov'r shot,
By more then halfe an inch.
Who wat sir, if that sir;
Is sowre which seemeth sweet,
I feare now, ye heare now,
A dangerous decreete.

8.

Sir, by that sentence ye have said,
I pledge ere all the play be plaid,
That some shall lose a laike:
Since ye but put me for to prove,
Such heads as help for my behove,
Your warrand is but waike,
Speare at the man your selfe and see,
Suppose ye strive for state,
If he regrated not how hee
Had learnde my lesson late,
And granted, he wanted,
Both *Reason*, *Wit*, and *Skill*:
Compleaning, and meaning,
Our absence did him ill.

8.

Confront him further face for face,
If yet he rewes his racklesse race?

Perhaps

Perhaps and ye ſhall heare,
For ay ſince *Adam* and ſince Eve
Who firſt thy leaſings did believe,
I ſold thy doctrine deare.
What hath been done euen to this day,
I keep in minde almaiſt:
Ye promiſe further than ye pay,
Sir hope for all your haſte.
Promitting, unwitting,
Your heights you never hooked,
I ſhow you, I know you,
Your bygones I have booked.

82

I would in caſe a counc were crav'd,
Shew thouſand thouſands thou deceivde:
Where thou waſt true to one,
And by the contrare I may vant.
Which thou muſt (though it grieve thee) grant
I trumped never a man,
But truely told the naked truth,
To men that meld with me,
For neither rigour, nor for rueth,
But onely loath to lye.
To ſome yet, to come yet,
Thy ſuccour ſhall be ſlight,
Which *Then*, muſt try then,
And regiſter it right.

83

Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lowdly leugh,
Yet but a prentiſe at the pleugh:
Experience ye prieve,

Suppoſe

Suppose all bygones as ye spacke,
Ye are no Prophet worth a placke,
Nor I bound to beleeve.
Ye should not say sir till ye see,
But when ye see it, say so:
Yet (quoth *Experience*) at thee,
Make many mints I may:
By signes now, and things now,
Which, ay before me bearest:
Expressing, by gessing,
The perill that appears.

84.

Then *Hope* replyde and that with pith,
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,
Sententiously and shoort,
(Quoth he) I am the Anchor grips,
That saves the Saylers and their ships,
From perill to their port.
Quoth he, oft times that Anchor drives,
As we have found before,
And looses many thousand lives,
By shipwracke on the shore:
Your grips oft, but slips oft.
When men have most to do,
Syne leaves them, and leaves them,
Of my companion too.

85.

Thou leaves them not thy selfe alone,
But so their griefe, when thou are gone,
Gars *Courage* quyver kein als:
(Quoth *Hope*) I would ye understood,

I grippe fast if the ground be good,
And fleers where it is falfe:
There should no fault with me be found,
Nor I accusde at all,
Wyte such as should have sound the ground
Before the Anchor fall.
Their leede ay, at neede ay,
Might warn them if they would.
If they there, would stay there,
Or have good Anchor-hold.

86

If ye read right it was not I,
But onely ignorance whereby,
Their Carvels all were cloven
I am not for a trumper tane,
All (quoth *Expetience*) is ane,
I have my processe proven.
To wit that we were cald each one,
To come before we came,
That now objection ye have none,
Your self must say the same,
Ye are now, too farre now,
Come forward for to flee:
Perceive then, ye have them,
The worst end of the tree.

87

When *Hope* was gald into the quick,
(Quoth *Courage*) kicking at the pricke:
We let you well to wit,
Make he you welcomer than we,
Then bygones, bygones farwell he,

Except

Except he seeke us yet,
He understands his own estate,
Let him his chiftanes chuse:
But yet his battell will be blate;
If he our force refuse,
Refuse us, or chuse us,
Our counsell is he clim,
But stay he, or stray he,
We have none help for him.

88

Except the Cherrie be his chose,
Be ye his friends, we are his foes,
His doings we despite,
If we perceive him fatled sa,
To satisfie him with the Slae.
His company we quyte.
Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew so glad,
And wont that they had wun,
They thought all sceild that they had saild,
Sen they had first begun.
They thought then, they mought then
Without a partie plead:
But yet there, with *Wit* there,
They were dung down indeed.

89

Sirs *Dread* and *Danger* then (quoth *Wit*)
Yee did your selves to me submit,
Experience can prove:
That (quoth *Experience*) I past,
Their own confession made them fast,
They may no more remove,

For

For if I right remember mee,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with *Wet* should wey,
What Philosophs had said,
Which sentence, repentance,
Forbade him deare to buy,
They knew then, how true then
And preasde not to reply.

90

Though he dang *Dreade* and *Danger* down,
Yet *Courage* could not overcome,
Hope heght him such an hyre.
He thought himselfe so soone hee saw
His enemies were laid so law,
It was no time to tyre.
He hit the yron while it was hait,
In case it might grow cold,
For he esteemde his foes defaite,
When once he found them folde
Though he now, quoth he now,
Have been so free and franke,
Unsought yet, ye mought yet,
For kindnesse cund us thanke.

91

Suppose it so as thou hast said,
That unrequyrde we offered aide;
At least it came of love.
Experience, ye start too soone;
Ye dow nothing while all be done,
And then perhaps ye prove,
More plaine than pleasant, to perchance,

Some

Some tell that have you try it,
As fast as ye your selfe advance:
Ye dow not well deny it,
Abide then, your tide then,
And waite upon the winde:
Ye know sir, ye ow sir,
To hold you ay behinde.

91

When ye have done some doughty deeds,
Syne ye should see how all succeeds,
To write them as they were.
Friend, huly, haste not halfe so fast,
Lest (quoth *Experience*) at last,
Ye buy my doctrine deare,
Hope puts that haste into your head,
Which boyles your barmie braine:
Howbeit fooles haste comes sulie speeds,
Faire heghts makes fooles be faine.
Such smyling, beguyling,
Bids feare not for no frects:
Yet I now, deny now,
That all is gold that gleets.

91

Suppose not silver all that shines,
Oft-times a tenteste Merchant tines,
For buying geare begeste.
For all the vantage and the winning,
Good buyers gets at the beginning:
(Quoth *Courage*) not the leste.
Whiles as good Merchant tines as wines,
If old mens tales be true:

Suppose

Suppose the packe come to the pins,
Who can his chance eschew?
Then good sir, conclude sir,
Good buyers have done baith,
Advance then, take change then,
As sundrie good ships hath.

94

Who wist what would be cheape or deare
Should need to traffique but a yeare,
If things to come were kend,
Suppose all bygons things be plaine,
Your Propheſie is but prophane,
Ye had beſt behold the end,
Ye would accuſe me of a cryme,
Almoſt before we met:
Torment you not before the time,
Since dolour payes no debt;
What by paſt, that I paſt,
Ye wot if it was well,
To come yet, by doome yet,
Confeſſe ye have no feele.

95

Yet (Quoth *Experience*) what than,
Who may be meeteſt for the man,
Let us his anſwer have:
When they ſubmitted them to me,
To *Reaſon* I was faine to flee,
His counſell for to crave.
(Quoth he) ſince ye your ſelves ſubmit:
To do as I decreet:
I ſhall adviſe with *Skill* and *Wit*,

What

What they think may be meete,
They cryde then, we byde then,
At *Reaſon* for refuge:
Allow him, and trow him,
As governour and judge.

95

So ſaid they all with one conſent,
What he concludes we are content,
His bidding to obey,
He hath authority to uſe,
Then take his choſe whom he would chuſe.
And longer not delay.
Then *Reaſon* roſe, and was rejoyſde,
(Quoth he) mine hearts come hithert
I hope this play may be compoſde,
That we may goe together.
To all now, I ſhall now,
His proper place aſſigne,
That they here, ſhall ſay here,
They thinke none other thing.

97

Come on (quoth he) companion *Skill*,
Ye underſtand both good and ill,
In Phyſicke ye are fine.
Be medciner unto this man,
And ſhaw ſuch cunning as ye can,
To put him out of paine.
Firſt gard the ground of all his grieve,
What ſickneſſe ye ſuſpect,
Syne looke what he lackes for reliefe,
Ere further he infect:

Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice,
And panſe not, nor skanſe not,
The perill nor the price.

98

Though it be cumberſome what rocke,
Finde out the cauſe by the effect,
And working of his veines:
Yet while we grip it to the ground,
See firſt what faſhion may be found,
To paciſie his paines,
Doe what ye dow to have him haile,
And for that purpoſe preaſe:
Cut off the cauſe, the effect muſt faile,
So all his ſorrow ceaſe.
His fever, ſhall never,
From thenceforth have no force,
Then urge him, to purge him,
He will not waxe the worſe.

99

(Quoth *Skill*) his ſenſes is ſo ſicke,
I know no liquor worth a leeke,
To quench his deadly drouth;
Except the Cherrie help his heat,
Whoſe ſappie ſlokning, ſharpe and ſweete,
Might melt into his mouth.
And his melancholy remove,
To mitigate his minde,
None wholſomer for his behove,
Nor more coling of kinde,
No *Nectar*, directar,

Could all the gods him give:
Nor ſend him, to mend him,
None like it I believe.

100

For drouth decayes as it digeſts:
Why then (quoth *Reaſon*) nothing reſts,
But how it may be had.
Moſt true (quoth *Skill*) that is the ſcope,
Yet we muſt have ſome help of *Hope*,
(Quoth *Danger*) I am rad,
His haſtineſſe bred us miſhap,
When he is highly horſt.
I would we looked ere we lap,
(Quoth *Wit* that were not worſt.
I meane now, conveen now,
The councell one and all
Begin then, call in then,
(Quoth *Reaſon*) ſo I ſhall.

101

Then *Reaſon* roſe with geſture grave,
Belyve conveening all the lave,
To ſee what they would ſay,
With ſilver ſcepter in his hand,
As chiftane choſen to command,
And they bent to obey,
He panſed long before he ſpake,
And in a ſtudie ſtood,
Syne he began and ſilence brake,
Come on, (quoth he) conclude,
What way now, we may now,
Yon Cherrie come to catch,

Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice,
And panſe not, nor skanſe not,
The perill nor the price.

98

Though it be cumberſome what recke,
Finde out the cauſe by the effect,
And working of his veines:
Yet while we grip it to the ground,
See firſt what faſhion may be found,
To pacifie his paines,
Doe what ye dow to have him haile,
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And in a ſtudie ſtood,
Syne he began and ſilence brake,
Come on, (quoth he) conclude,
What way now, we may now,
Yon Cherrie come to catch,

Speake out sirs, about sirs!
Have done let us dispatch.

102

(Quoth *Courage*) Scourge him first that skars
Much musing memorie but marres:
I tell you mine intent:
(Quoth *Wit*) who will not partly panse,
In perils perishes perchance,
Ov'r rackelesse may repent,
Then (quoth *Experience*) and spake,
Sir, I have seene them baith,
In bairnlinesse and lye abacke,
Escape and come to skaith,
But what now, of that now,
Sturt followes all extreams,
Retaine then, the meane then,
The surest way it seemes.

103

Where some hes further'd, some hes failde
Where part hes perisht, part prevailde,
Alike all cannot lucke:
Then either venture with the one,
Or with the orher let alone,
The Cherrie for to plucke.
(Quoth *Hope*) for feare folke must not fash
(Quoth *Danger*) let not light,
(Quoth *Wit*) be neither rude nor rash,
(Quoth *Reason*) ye have right.
The rest then thought best then,
When *Reason* said it so,
That roundly and soundly,

They ſhould together goe.

104

To get the Chrrie in all haſte,
As for my ſafety ſerving maiſt,
Though *Dread* and *Danger* feard.
The perill of that irkſome way,
Leſt that thereby I ſhould decay:
Who then ſo weake appearde;
Yet *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſide,
Who with them wont contend,
Did take in hand us for to guide,
Unto our journeyes end.
Impleadging, and waidging,
Both two their lives for mine,
Providing, the guyding,
To them were granted ſyne.

105

Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeale,
Alledging it could not be well,
Nor yet would they agree:
But ſaid, they ſhould found their retreat,
Becauſe they thought them no wayes meete,
Conductors unto mee,
Nor to no man in mine eſtate,
With ſickneſſe ſore appreſt:
For they took ay the neareſt gate,
Omitting oft the beſt:
Their neareſt, perqueareſt,
Is alwayes to them baith,
Where they ſir, may ſay ſir,
What reckes them of their skaith.

106

But as for us two, now we ſweare,
By him before whom we appeare,
Our full intent is now,
To have you whoſe, and alway was,
That purpoſe for to bring to paſſe,
So is not theirs I trow,
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did atteſt,
The gods of both theſe patts,
If they wrought not all for the beſt,
Of me with upright hearts,
Our Chiftan, than liftane,
His Scepter did enjoyne.
No more there, uproar there,
And ſo their ſtrife was done.

107

Rebuking *Dread* and *Danger* ſore,
Suppoſe they meant well evermore,
To me as they had ſworne,
Becauſe their neighbours they abuſde,
In ſo farre as they had accuſde
Them as ye heard beforne.
Did he not elſe (quoth he) conſent,
The Cherrie for to pow?
(Quoth *Danger*) we are well content,
But yet the maner how.
We ſhall now, even all now,
Get this man with us there:
It reſt is, and beſt is,
Your counſell ſhall declare.

108

Well ſaid (Quoth *Hope* and *Courage* now)

We

We thereto will accord with you,
And ſhall abide by them:
Like as before we did ſubmit,
So we repeate the ſamine yet,
We minde not to reclaime.
Whom they ſhall chuſe to guyde the way,
We ſhall him follow ſtraight.
And further this man what we may,
Becauſe we have ſo height.
Promitting, but flitting,
To doe the thing we can:
To pleaſe both, and eaſe both,
This ſilly ſickely man.

109

When *Reaſon* heard this then (quoth he)
I ſee your chiefeſt ſtay to be,
That we have nam'd no guide,
The worthie counſell hath therefore,
Thought good that *Wit* ſhould goe before,
For perils to provide,
(Quoth *Wit*) there is but one of three,
Which I ſhall to you ſhow,
Whereof the firſt two cannot be,
For any thing I know.
The way here, ſo ſtay here,
Is that we cannot clim,
Even ov'r now, we foure now,
That will be heard for him.

110

The next, if we goe downe about,
While that this bend of Craiges run out,

The ſtreame is there ſo ſtarke,
And alſo paſſeth wading deepe,
And broder far than we dow leape,
It ſhould be idle worke:
It growes ay broder, than the ſea,
Sen over the lin it came,
The running dead doth ſignifie,
The deepneſſe of the ſame.
I leave now, to deave now,
How that it ſwiftly ſlides,
As ſleeping, and creeping,
But nature ſo provides.

111

Our way then lyes about the linne,
Whereby a warrand we ſhall winne
It is ſo ſtraight and plaine,
The water alſo is ſo ſhald,
We ſhall it paſſe even as we wald,
With pleaſure and but paine,
For as we ſee the miſchiefe grow,
Oft of a feckleſſe thing,
So likewiſe doth this river flow,
Forth of a prettie ſpring.
Whoſe throat ſir, I wot ſir,
Ye may ſtop with your Neive,
As you ſir, I trow ſir,
Experience can prieve.

112

That (quoth *Experience*) I can,
All that ye ſaid ſen ye began,
I know to be of trueth:

(Quoth

(Quoth *Skill*) the famine I approve,
(Quoth *Reason*) then let us remove,
And sleepe no more in ffeuth:
Wit and *Experience* (quoth he)
Shall come before apace:
The man shall come with *Skill* and me,
Into the second place:
Attour now, youf ure now,
Shall come into a band:
Proceeding, and leiding,
Each other by the hand,

113

As *Reason* ordainde all obeyde,
None was ov'r rash nor none affraide,
Our counsell was so wise:
As of our journey *Wit* did note,
We found it true in every jote,
God blisse our interprise,
For even as we came to the Tree,
Which as ye heard me tell,
Could not be clum there suddenly,
The fruite for ripnesse fell.
Which tasting, and hasting,
I found my selfe relievde.
Of cares all, and fares all,
Which minde and body grievde.

114

Praise be to God my Lord therefore,
Who did mine health to me restore:
Being so long time pinde.
Yea blessed be his holy Name,

Who did from death to life recleame,
Mee who was so unkinde,
All Nations also magnifie,
This everliving Lord:
Let me with you, and you with me,
To laude him ay accord,
Whose love ay, we prove ay,
To us above all things:
And kisse him, and blisse him,
Whose Glore eternall rings.

FINIS.

C. A. M.

His Lamentation.

I Have sinned, O Father, be merciful! to me,
I am not worthie to be called thy childe:
That stubbornly so long have gone a stray,
Not as thy Sonne, but as the Prodigall wilde,
My silly soule with sinne is so defilde,

That

That Sathan thinks to catch it as a prey,
Lord grant me grace that he may be beguilde
Peccavi Pater miserere mei.

I am abasde, how dare I be so bold,
Before thy godly presence to appeare?
Or hazard once the Heavens for to behold,
Who am not worthy that the earth should beare,
Yet damne me not, whom thou hast bought so deare,
Sed salvum me fac dulcis fili Dei:
For out of *Luke* this lesson we do leare,
Peccavi Pater miserere mei.

If thou, O Lord with rigour woldst revenge
What flesh before thee faultlesse shall be found
Or who is he his conscience can him cleanse
To sin and Satan from his births not bound,
Yet of meere grace thou tookst away the ground,
And sent thy Son our penaltie to pay,
To save us from that hideous hells hound:
Peccavi Pater miserere mei.

I hope for mercie although my sins be huge,
I grant my guilt, and groane to thee for grace,
Though I would flee, where should I finde refuge,
In heaven, O Lord, there is thy dwelling place
The earth thy foot-stoole: and to the hels a face
Down goes the dead: for all must thee obey,
Therefore I cry while I have time and space,
Peccavi Pater miserere mei.

O gracious God, my guiltineſſe forgive,
In ſinners death ſince thou haſt no delite,
But rather would they ſhould convert and live
As do witneſſe the Prophets in holy write.
I pray thee, Lord, thy promiſe to perfite
In mee, that I may with the Pſalmiſt ſay,
I will thy promiſe and wondrous workes indite
Therefore deare Father be mercifull to me.

Though I do ſlide, let me not ſleep in ſleuth
Me to revive from ſinne, let grace beginne:
Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy trueth
And lend my Verſe ſuch wings as are divine,
Since thou haſt granted me ſo good ingine,
To praiſe thy Name with gallant ſtile and gay
Let me no more ſo trim a talent tine;
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

My ſpirit to ſpeak, let thy Spirit, Lord inſpire
Helpe holy Ghoſt, and be mine heavenly Muſe:
Flie down on me with forked tongues of fire
As on th' Apoſtles, with thy feare me infuſe,
All vice expell, teach me ſin to refuſe;
And all my filthie affections, I thee pray,
Thy fervent love on me powre night and day.
Peccavi Pater miſerere mei.

Stowp ſtubborne ſtomacke that hath been aye ſo ſtout,
Stoupe filthy fleſh and carion made of clay
Stoupe hardned heart before thy Lord and lowt
Stoupe, ſtoupe in time; deferre not day by day
Thou wots not when that thou muſt paſſe away,

To

C. A. M. *His Lamentation.*

To the great glore where thou must be for ay
Confesse thy sins, and think no shame to stay;
Peccavi Pater miserere mei.

O great JEHOVAH, to thee all glore bee given,
Who hoope my soule to thy similitude;
And to thy Sonne whom thou sentst downe from heaven
When I was lost he boght me with his blood
And to the holy Ghost, my guider good,
Who must confirme my faith in the right way,
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
O Heavenly Father be mercifull to me:

THE
Solsequium.

LIke as the dumb *Solsequium*, with care orecome,
Doth sorrow when the Sun goes out of sight
Hangs down her head, and drowps as dead, and will not spread,
But lurkes her leaves through langour all the night:
Till foolish *Phaeton* arise with whip in hand,
To cleare the chryst all Skies, and light the land:

Birds

Birds in their Bowre, waite on that houre,
And to their King a glad good-morrow gives:
From thence that flowre, lykes not to lowre,
But laughes on *Phœbus* op'ning out her leaves.

So ſtands't with me, except I be, where I may ſee,
My lampe of light, my Ladie, and my love:
When ſhe departs, ten thouſand darts, in ſundry airts,
Thirle through mine heavie heart but reſt or roove:
My countenance declares mine inward griefe,
And Hope almoſt deſpares to finde reliefe:
I die, I dwine, play doth me pyne,
I loath on every thing I look, alace,
While *Titan* mine, upon me ſhine,
That I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra ſhe appeare, into her ſpheare, begins to cleare,
The drawing of my long deſired day:
Then *Courage* cryes, on *Hope* to riſe, fra ſhee eſpyes,
The noyſome night of abſence went away:
No woe can me awake, nor yet impeſh,
But on thy ſtately ſtalke I flouriſh freſh,
I ſpring, I ſprout, my leaves breake out;
My colour changes in an heartſome hew,
No more I lout, but ſtands up ſtout,
As glad of her, on whom I onely grew.

O happie day, goe not away, *Apollo* ſtay
Thy Cart from going downe into the Weſt,
Of mee thou make, thy Zodiack, that I may take,
My pleaſure to beholde whom I love beſt:
Her preſence me reſtores from life to death,

Her

Her abſence alſo ſhores to cut my breath:
I wiſh in vaine, thee to remaine,
Since *primum mobile* doth ſay me nay,
At leaſt thy wane, haſte ſoone againe,
Farewell with patience perforce till day.

PSAL. 36. 28.

Delcina à malo, & fac bonum.

LEave ſin, ere ſin leave thee. doe good,
And both without delay:
Leſſe fit hee will to morrow be,
Who is not fit to day.

Non

Non tardes converti ad Deum

His Morning Muſe.

LEt dread of paine for ſin in after time,
Let ſhame to ſee thy ſelfe enſnared ſo,
Let griefe conceiv'd for foule accurſed cryme
Let hate of ſin the worker of thy woe,
With dread, with ſhame, with griefe, with hate enforce,
To dew thy cheekes with teares of deepe remorſe.

So hate of ſin ſhall make Gods love to grow;
So griefe ſhall harbour hope within thine heart
So dread ſhall cauſe the flood of joy to flow;
So ſhame ſhall ſend ſweete ſolace to thy ſmart
So love, ſo hope, ſo joy, ſo ſolace ſweete,
Shall make thy ſoule in Heavenly bleſſe to fleete.

Woe where none hate doeth no ſuch love allure,
Woe where ſuch griefe makes no ſuch hope proceed,
Woe where ſuch dread doeth not ſuch joy procure,
Woe where ſuch ſhame doth not ſuch ſolace breede:
Woe where no hate no griefe no dreade, no ſhame,
No love, no hope, no joy, no ſolace frame.

FINIS.

Jan. 1652.